

COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1919.

No. 5.

ST. JOE SWAMPS BROOK 41--10

First game of season a walkaway; St. Joe's teamwork too much for visitors.

In its first game of the season, St. Joe's aspiring Varsity quintet showed its mettle by trimming Brook High School 41—10. True, Brook's team was not up to last year's standard, but it had the advantage of experience, this game being its eighth; against this St. Joe, in one of the earliest starts in its basketball history, had a team composed for the most part, of old men, united in spirit, and showing throughout the game the ability to pass and play together which made last year's team so successful.

The game started off with a rush, and for a few minutes gave promise of becoming interesting. O'Brien scored the first point of the season for St. Joe, making a free throw after a foul had been called on Brook. Soon after the scoring began. Wellman, O'Brien and Rose being the main factors in the offense in the first half. Pete, aided by the able work of Cap Schaefer, made two baskets, and Wellman made several on short shots, under the basket. Rose made one in the first half. Brook remained scorless for almost fifteen minutes, but managed to score four points by the end of the first half. Score, 21-4.

Both teams again began to play with a snap to begin the second half. Tony Schaefer began to push a few in, and the whole team followed suit. Scheidler kept up the good work on the defense, a feature of the first half. Brady was substituted for Scheidler after ten minutes of play, and took center, Wellman playing guard. Brady showed his speed by putting in two baskets. Lange took Wellman's place in the closing minutes of play. Final score, 41—10.

The game was not interesting throughout. Brook was no match for our team, which fact alone was bound to take some spirit out of the game. Our team wasn't quite up to last year's form, but one must consider the small amount of practice and the fact that this game was their first. The outlook is bright, and, unless something unforeseen occurs, this should be one of the most successful seasons ever witnessed here.

Line-up.

Wellman	C.	Herriman
Rose	R. F.	Long
Schaefer	Cap. L. F.	Vander Voort
Scheidler	L. C.	Lyons
O'Brien	R.G.	Berlin

Field Goals—Schaefer 5, Rose, 2, O'Brien, 4, Wellman, 5, Brady 2.

Free throws, O'Brien, 3 out of 5; Schaefer, 2 out of 4. Pottkotter Referee.

Laux, Timekeeper. C. Hession, Score Keeper. Elmer Kampsen, Marker.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving was celebrated this year at St. Joseph's with customary liberality as per dinner, and other things. We are not certain how many ill-fated fowls lost their heads, but from all those students who spent the day in Collegeville, not one straying complaint has been raised against the quantity or quality of the dinner. Thanks to the Sisters for their generous labors. Thanksgiving dinner is one meal at which the most conscientious student may sit with an air of luxurious satisfaction. And why not? Clean handkerchiefs, and napkins, and other kinds of receptacles were much in evidence during the last five minutes of the dinner; and it would not be hard to picture the little impromptu spread in the dormitory — if there were any.

But all this is the least of it. The American boy may be a synonym for a high development of animality, but he is not altogether a thankless creature. At least he doesn't have the chance to be in Collegeville. In the morning, a Mass of Thanksgiving was sung, which is only another way of saying that the real spirit of the festival must come creeping at last to the Church for its true expression. You have often heard the zealous Christian condemn the modern celebration of certain festivals, notably Valentine Day and Halloween, on the charge that a ridiculous mimicry is a mean and meaningless representation of the real beauties of these feasts. The fact is we cannot wholly ignore this accusation, but we are doubly happy to say that Thanksgiving in Collegeville was not all chicken and movies and — as I am about to dwell upon — the feature performance, the play presented by the C. L. S.

Many of us have seen the C. L. S. pass from "Julius Caesar" to the comedy of November 27; in other words from the sublime to the ridiculous. But we are not speaking here of intrinsic merits. The Miser, a comedy in three acts, was a unique performance. If there is anything to condemn as second-rate in the play itself, you must admit that the acting well redeemed it. We doubt if any other comedy given in our auditorium has evoked more hearty laughter. The forte of the whole play is none other than the admirable adaptability of each man to his part. Here a word of appreciation is due the Rev. Director. Mr. Oberhauser, possessing the physical requirements for a miser, which seem to be spare limbs, took the leading part, and squeaked and tottered about the stage quite as avariciously as any real miser could do. Mr. Duenser, by his conduct in the capacity of Maitre Jacques, shows himself a comedian of sterling — perhaps Ford Sterling— type. His antics and grimaces, prolonged with comparative

ease, were the source of much of the rollicking fun in the comedy. The others of the cast some appreciative comment is also due. Suffice it to say that "The Miser" was a worthy climax to our Thanksgiving celebration. Those who spent the day in their home-towns can hardly boast of a better time.

NEWMAN CLUB PROGRAM.

Our first entertainment at the hands of the Newman Club is bound to be a surprise. We have never heard from them before; whatever talent is among them is latent, or in the process of refinement for its public exhibition, which in this case, took place last Sunday evening.

The Newmans of this year need have no fear of falling below the traditions of former years. Sunday's performance showed that they are maintaining the standard of the society, which we have grown to look upon as the happy commingling of the serious and comic, the dramatic and farcical in their programs. It is not hard to say which feature predominated. The appearance of Pius Mutter as a threatening rival at the heels of Caruso,—and we would suggest that Pius prefix or suffix a little artistic nomenclature to set off his professional appeal—was good as a formal announcement that there was to be more laughter than tears. The one great flaw in Mr. Mutter's song was his utter failure to arouse our pity for the "Kittens he drowned in the well." Mr. O'Meara in spite of his contradictory name combined the brogue with the action of a "wop," and told his little story quite as well as any demonstrative Tony could do it.

Mr. Sattler and Mr. Kastner upheld the serious side of the program. Especially in the latter gentleman there is apparent possibility of higher dramatic work.

The after piece, "The Bobtown School," was not exactly a worthy finishing touch to the entertainment. Action was everything there, although Mr. Gehrlach, appearing again as the loquacious gentleman, if he should continue the fluent line, may merit the epithet "garrulous Gehrlach."

The Orchestra played in the intermissions, and received its usual applause. Mr. Minneman played a violin solo "Souvenir." He was encored and responded with "Traumerei." The program Sunday evening left a good taste in our mouth. We are anxiously awaiting the next one.

INDOOR SPORTS.

Winter seems to have come upon us with a vengeance. Chronologically, of course, autumn still reigns, but from the nip in the air, and the general aspect of things we can plainly see that old King Winter has stolen a march on Father Time, forcing Autumn to take her exit.

The dull season is what we have often heard called winter. Basketball is on, and skating offers fine sport, but the ordinary means of exercise, walking, is sometimes out of the question even for the most ardent enthusiasts. Indoor sport, if we may so call them, now find the greatest number of devotees. Go into the study hall some evening,

and see how many groupes are engaged in five hundred, pinochle, euchre, or sixty-six. True, what has been called America's greatest indoor sport, stud poker, is not represented, because it is far beyond our means. In one corner you will find two fellows matching wits in checkers, while another corner holds the chess enthusiasts, which brings me to my dissertation on that ancient and honorable game,

Chess! to some people the word is cold, meaning only some game played by old fogies of a winter's night; to me it denotes the greatest of indoor sports, a game invented in the very dawn of history, a game old in the days of the Pharaohs one which has been at once the delight and the despair of the greatest minds of twenty centuries.

First of all, discard the idea that chess is an easy game to play, and that the players are wasting time if they wait a minute or two before making a move. Chess is a game of untold possibilities, your opponent may always find something new to try on you. That is the joy of the game, it is not a cut and dried affair. If you are vigilant enough, you can always find some weak spot in your opponent's defense, so that perhaps, by a sudden sally, you can checkmate him, end the game by one or two brilliant moves.

Among all those who tried to play chess at St. Joe during the last three years, only one or two even came close to success. Pius Mutter is our champion now, whom, however, we have hopes of dethroning. Hank Koch was a rather peculiar type of player, an ardent admirer of the game. Hank's jaws were always working but when playing chess he seemed to be endowed with perpetual motion, so fast did his molars work, and in such profuse quantities did the brown juice flow. Hank always had just a little bit of hard luck, which would prove his downfall. How he would rave at his neglect, or be at great pains to explain to you just how he would have had you in a corner in a few minutes. But if perchance he won, which happened occasionally, there were no bounds to his delight; he would open his large and capacious mouth, and guffaw after guffaw would issue therefrom. He would admit, though, that you were a fair player. Others also there were, who helped to establish this noble game at St. Joseph's, Leo Hildebrand, Clarence McGinty, John Klem and the redoubtable Dolohery. Every one had his peculiarities, and chess was the game that brought them to the fore. So perhaps this year also, after a lapse of a year, we may gather a group around us, may once more establish the sport on a firm basis here. But let no light and flippant youth apply, nor anyone who is inclined to ridicule, for here, above all else, concentration of mind is required.

INGRATITUDE.

Thanksgiving Day is gone;
Perhaps tomorrow's dawn
An angel bright
In livery white
Shall take a fated pen to write
One thankless name upon her scroll;
And earth will yield, and men will mourn
The passing of a little soul.

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"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Saturday, December, 13, 1919.

EDITORIALS.

Looking into the different fields of juvenile work is an absorbing occupation, we must admit. The saying that we judge the tree by its fruit is as old as — well consult any biblical authority for exact data. Upon this little adage, we suppose, rests the origin of the universal requirement that the activities of any school must represent its spirit and capabilities. If you review any university publication, you are entertained by the dissection of scientific bugs, atoms and the like. That subject of course has its devotees among the initiated ones. If you, with a heart full of commiseration pick up the average high school effusion, you will sit for hours, thrilled and enthralled by the most excruciatingly, heart-rending, soul-subduing love-lyrics, that ever a shallow-minded muse inspired. Then you begin your search for the dividing line between sentiment and sentimentality.

Finally you stray upon an issue of some aspiring college paper. You are not going to slight the other two by laying down laws for what you expect in a college paper. It is so easy to let your personal interests run away with your judgment. For the time being you must be passively but vigilantly an impartial critic. You lay hold of a brisk write-up on a late foot-ball game. You relish its contents simply because here is the kind of food for a healthy lad. In some secluded corner of the last page, a little poem, recognized only by its outlines, meets, and let us hope, arrests your eye. There is often a brave little thought struggling behind that miserable versification. But does it not take some courage to be different from the rest of the common herd?

And why shouldn't you be grateful, if only with a view to variety, that there is one among you who aims his shaft a little above the targets of our prosaic existence? The editorial section is usually last to be considered. If political topics, grave issues of war, wranglings of Congress, social themes, the latest scandal in fashions, are your favorites, you will not find them here dis-

cussed. For however closely the college student may keep in touch with the best in current literature, Aeneas is somehow more interesting to him as a hero than Gen. Pershing; and while he realizes that the mighty Present is whirling about him, he finds real satisfaction in the history and romance of the Past. For democratic and cosmopolitan as his views may be, the ideal student is a slave to his aspirations. And if the idea of this rare sort of student does not exclude a little profitable prudence, he will not let the big buzz of the university nor the weak little voice of the high school lure him from his bondage.

WINTER.

When old Boreas whistles through the leafless trees, and the cold pierces to the very marrow, the animal world, outside of those belonging to the genus man, takes its annual long sleep, to await the day when the first blossoms of spring, when April showers shall recall them to life. Man, of course, must be contrary; Winter is for him the period of greatest activity, the time when he must realize all his energies, to make up for the time lost in the summer.

In the cities, the social season started as soon as the cold weather began. Houses closed all summer now are ablaze with lights, and within untold numbers of couples "trip it as they go, on the light fantastic toe." On the principal streets of every town you may see the signs of the theaters, playing to packed houses every night. Everywhere is life and joy and pleasure.

But pleasure only will not suffice in this life. Work underlies it all. Shops and offices are open now from early morn till late at night, every employee works the required eight or ten hours. The busy wheels of industry go around as never before, looking ahead for the trade that is to come. Work is the keynote of the hour.

Here we are faced by the same conditions. Work in all classes has already quickened to a considerable degree, and, as far as can be noticed, everyone responds readily. The very air sets the blood a tingling in your veins, makes you eager to grapple with any knotty problem that may confront you. Let the work come; in these days nothing can withstand your onslaught.

Still we have our reward. The social season at St. Joseph's also starts with the winter. A basketball game every week, and programs galore, both public and private, make what would otherwise be a bleak and dreary season a delightful one. Now may we sit at our ease and enjoy some mirthful comedy, or listen to the fiery debater, with might and main defending his cause. Perchance the orchestra will woo us, will bring a touch of springtime even in these cold days. Whatever be our recourse in this otherwise dreadful time, let us grasp it with an ardent spirit, making good use of our opportunities, and doing whatever we can to further the happiness of each other.

The Editorial Staff of "The Cheer" take pleasure in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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St. Joe All Stars defeat St. X. All Stars.

Sunday December 7th the St. Joe All Stars met the All Star team from the South Side in the first interhall game of the season. St. Joe kept the lead throughout the game and their heavier opponents proved too slow to be able, for even a brief space, to cope with the better pass work and speedy playing of the North Side five. The St. Xavier boys lacked pass work which was the strong point for St. Joe. It would be hard to pick the star of the game for all played together but it seems that the guarding on both sides is accountable for the low score. "Buck" and Kahle allowed the St. X. forwards but few shots, which, however, were not effective, while Laux and Reed made their shots count. Lachmaier played a good game at center and proved a good point getter. The score at the end of the first half was 10 to 4. The score of St. Joe, and when the final whistle blew stood 17 to 7.

ST. JOE		ST. X.
Laux	L	F. Scharf
Reed		F. Bauer
Lachmaier		C. Gengler
Kahle		G. Potkotter
Harber		G. Depweg

Substitution—St. Joe, LaMere for Laux, Hegman for Reed, Arnold for Kahle. St. X. Spike for Depweg.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The supplementary classics for review are now in the library. A new system for taking and returning these books has been introduced with their transfer from the stationery to the library, and will, by its advantages over the old system, contribute its bit toward raising the standard of English in St. Joseph's.

There is a lad who has a mop
Of hair that is a sight,
And if you call him Cotton-top
He always wants to fight.

OUR ORCHESTRA.

Ef anybody asks ye, hev
We got an Orchestry,
Just tell 'em to step round someday
When she's screwed up to "C,"
And listen to them meller strains
A'floodin' through the place,
With all the notes a'follerin'
Each other in the chase.
This big thing here, I guess they call
An overgrown fiddle;
The way that feller works, you'd think
He'd saw clean through the middle.
This catty-cornered business here,
With front side ivory,
Is sed to kinder boost along
A bigger tune, you see.
But sometimes when he runs across
A rumblin' roaring' part,
By Heck, I'm half askeered he'll tear
The goshdurned thing apart.
That big boy with the jazzin' horn—
That's called a slide-trombone,—
He shoves that lever up and down
To get a slippery tone.
Here's alto, cornet, clarinet, flute,
And cello and violin;
Just watch their speed and wonder why
The whole bunch don't give in.
And down here at the further end
Ye see the boomin' drum.
Well, all that's got to do is keep
The main works on the hum.
While standin' up before them all,
With poker in his hand,—
Well, that's Professor, sorta like,
A gineral in command.
And now when ye have heard 'em play,
Ye still declare they're bum,
Why friend, ye got no business in
Our auditorium.

The state is dry you bet your neck,
No kale can go for booze;
Then why not come to us by heck
And settle up your dues.

THE WILD RABBIT.

If by chance, my gentle reader, you take a stroll into the woods on a wintry day you will most probably meet with more than one wild animal. If there is snow on the ground you may easily see their tracks.

You may notice a track looking like it was made by a three-legged animal, having two feet in front and one behind; you are beholding the footprints of a rabbit. If the prints are from six or seven to ten feet apart the rabbit was on the run. Make up your mind to follow the track a few miles and keep on the trail. The tracks will become closer. Open your eyes and take your time in following the prints. The rabbit seldom goes to sleep so soon after being chased. The tracks may lead to a hole burrowed into the snow or earth, or to a pile of brush, or a bunch of grass or even to a hollow log.

If the rabbit is not in a secure place it will leap from its hiding place with little or no inducement. If it is not struck with a club or shot down it will run for several miles. If you wish to catch it you must run just a bit faster than it is going. If you strike it, it is yours, as the rabbit is no shock-sustaining animal. A slight blow on the back of the neck will send it to its happy hunting grounds. When it is dead you may scrutinize it and see if it does not answer to these qualifications.

A full grown rabbit is about the size of a cat. Its color is a grayish-yellow. It will be found to have quite long ears, much longer in proportion than a mule. The head of the rabbit is egg shaped. A few long whiskers extend from sides of the mouth which give the head an artistic appearance much as flowers give beauty to a flower pot. The hind legs of a rabbit are somewhat longer than the fore-legs.

One conspicuous peculiarity about the rabbit is its tail. The tail is not like that of a kangaroo, but it is very short and resembles a tuft of cotton. When the rabbit sits on its hind legs its tail is used as a cushion. The tail is very much in evidence when the rabbit is running for then the white spot looks about like the bobbing cork when the fish is nibbling at the hook. E.S.

ST. X. SMOKING CLUB NO LONGER A MYTH.

Dec. 7th will go down in the annals of the St. X. Smoking Club as a day of realization. Organized in body, reorganized in spirit, vastly improved in surroundings — these are no longer clouded dreams of seniors. A meeting was held, very grave and decorous, we think, for a score of smokers. Mr. Luley will hold the President's chair till the second session with Mr. Duenser as his secretary. Mr. Voskuhl was confirmed marshal and given the power of the keys. He is to have the pugilistic assistance of "Fatty Arbuckle." A committee of three was next chosen to draw up rules and injunctions. In the course of the meeting, there passed only the merest suggestions of rules, officers' duties, future programs, etc. Nothing to worry about, though the prospects are very promising. We've got some violinists, cellist, pianist, one grand quartet, plenty of jokers, and a

FOR MORE CONTRIBUTORS.

The "Cheer" as you know is supposed to be representative of the student body; their work is supposed to appear in these columns. The "Cheer" staff must naturally bear the brunt of the task, but there is still abundant room for your essay, poem or collection of jokes. Last year the "Cheer" had quite a few contributors, who once even took over an entire issue. We do not expect you to do the last named, but we do believe that each issue of the "Cheer" should contain at least one substantial contribution from someone not on the "Cheer" staff. Get together and write an article or two; it will be good practice and will give us a lift besides.

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That recurring card problem has at last been solved. A motion went through that card-players buy their own decks and so keep the floor and tables unstrewn. The meeting adjourned with a second inning of cigars.

Our St. X. Club-room has the advantage of continued warmth, since to shut off steam would mean to freeze out over one-half the members of the faculty. Let ours be the sincerest endeavor to help keep the club clean, fresh, and comfy. We are anxious to hear from the committee on rules. In their hands lies the future of the infant organization. It is up to them to seal and secure the earnest start, by drawing up rules that will assure a clean room, a continued spirit of willing co-operation, and the virtues of cheer and moderation from the members. And finally, we believe these future rules to be stable and to be obeyed at all times as they should co-operate with, and derive efficiency from the strong college discipline.

And now let's sing: Long live St. X. Smoking Club, and Billy— Long live he!

We don't think much of knocking, —i
And we sure don't like to tease;
But talk about your knocking —
Just look at Slim Fate's knees.

Maloney— "I see the new Basket ball guides are out."

New Comer—"Oh, who are the guides for this year's team?"

We love the sunny meadows wide,
And love the sunlight's gleam,
But now we love to sit beside
A heater filled with steam.

Hoban— "I see where the bulletin board says all rubbish must be kept off the lake."

"Tough luck, Short, you wont get to skate."

We meet a lot of guys by Jing,
At school and in vacation,
Who will not yield to anything,
Unless it is temptation.

Bill (during Choir practice)— Hey, Mike, chase that fly off the book. We got enough dotted notes to sing.

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We know some folks on this wide earth
Who are mad at one another;
Their actions cause us endless mirth;
They should be home with mother.

The houses of amusement in Rensselaer have a promising competitor in the manager of the skating rink.

When the assistant there, or manager, who may serve in both capacities, had fitted our little Fritz out on his rollers and eyed his husky frame up carefully, he went to the wall and tacked up the following notice: "We are not responsible for damages." I wonder why?

Said Speed to Kampsen with a sniff,
"At Math you're a bear,
And you'd be real good looking if
It wasn't for your hair."

HOBAN'S JOKE COLUMN.

I got a box yesterday and everything was mixed up but the dates.

Hoban, is this your locker? No, it belongs to the College.

I played poker with the Barber and got trimmed the other night.



Hilliard & Hamill

Sure do wish

You the best

kind of a



Christmas



“So Long!”

See you in

January —

